

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
ROBERT AMES BENNETT
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was accused by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weakness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and another several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white shirt was decided upon as a signal. Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

The one difficulty was to reach the lower branches. She could hardly touch them with her finger-tips. But her barbaric costume must have inspired her. She listened for a moment, and hearing no sound to indicate the return of the men, clasped the upper side of the trunk with her hands and knees, and made an energetic attempt to climb. The posture was far from dignified, but the girl's eyes sparkled with satisfaction as she found herself slowly mounting.

When, flushed and breathless, she gained a foothold among the branches, she looked down at the ground, and permitted herself a merry little giggle such as she had not indulged in since leaving boarding-school. She had actually climbed a tree! She would show Mr. Blake that she was not so helpless as he fancied.

At the thought, she clambered on up, finding that the branches made convenient steps. She did not look back, and the screen of treetops beneath saved her from any sense of awkwardness. As her head came above the level of the cliff, she peered through the foliage, and saw the signal-flag far over near the end of the headland. The big piece of white duck stood out bravely against the blue sky, all the more conspicuous for the flocks of frightened seafowl which wheeled above and around it.

Surprised that she did not see the men, Miss Leslie started to draw herself up over the cliff edge. She heard Winthrop's voice a few yards away to her left. A sudden realization that the Englishman might consider her exploit ill-bred caused her to sink back out of sight.

She was hesitating whether to descend or to climb on up, when Winthrop's peevish whine was cut short by a loud and angry retort from Blake. Every word came to the girl's ears with the force of a blow.

"You do, do you? Well, I'd like to know where in hell you come in. She's not your sister, nor your mother, nor your aunt, and if she's your sweet-heart, you've both been damned close-mouthed over it."

There was an irritable, rasping murmur from Winthrop, and again came Blake's loud retort. "Look here, young man, don't you forget you called me a cad once before. I can stand a good deal from a sick man; but I'll give it to you straight, you'd better cut that out. Call me a brute or a savage, if that'll let off your steam; but, understand, I'm none of your English kinds."

Again Winthrop spoke, this time in a fretful whine.

Blake replied with less anger: "That's so; and I'm going to show you that I'm the real thing when it comes to being a sport. Give you my word, I'll make no move till you're through the fever and on your legs again. What I'll do then depends on my own sweet will, and don't you forget it. I'm not after her fortune. It's the lady herself that takes my fancy. Remember what I said to you when you called me a cad the other time. You had your turn aboard ship. Now I can do as I please; and that's what I'm going to do. If I have to kick you over the cliff end first, to shut off your pesky interference."

The girl crouched back into the sheltered foliage, dazed with terror. Again she heard Blake speak. He had dropped into a bitter sneer.

"No chance? It's no nerve, you mean. You could brain me, easy enough, any night—just walk up with a club when I'm asleep. Trouble is, you're like most other under-dogs—'fraid that if you licked your boss, there'd be no soup bones. So I guess I'm slated to stay bones of this colony—grand Poo Bah and Mikado, all in one. Understand? You mind your own business, and don't go to interfering with me any more!"



"Now, Don't Get Mad. Worst Thing in the World for Malaria."

Now, if you've stared enough at the lady's skirt—

The threat of discovery stung the girl to instant action. With almost frantic haste, she scrambled down to the lower branches, and sprang to the ground. She had never ventured such a leap even in childhood. She struck lightly but without proper balance, and pitched over sideways. Her hands chanced to alight upon the remnants of leopard skin. Great as was her fear, she stopped to gather all together in the edge of her skirt before darting up the cliff.

At the baobab she turned and gazed back along the cliff edge. Before she had time to draw a second breath, she caught a glimpse of Blake's palm-leaf hat, near the crown of the ladder tree. "O-o-h!—he didn't see me!" she murmured. Her frantic strength vanished, and a deathly sickness came upon her. She felt herself going, and sought to kneel to ease the fall.

She was roused from the swoon by Blake's resonant shout: "Hey, Miss Jenny! where are you? We've got your laundry on the pole in fine shape!"

The girl's flaccid limbs grew tense, and her body quivered with a shudder of dread and loathing. Yet she set her little white teeth, and forced herself to rise and go out to face the men. Both met her look with a blank stare of consternation.

"What is it, Miss Genevieve?" cried Winthrop. "You're white as chalk!" "It's the fever!" growled Blake. "She's in the cold stage. Get a pot on. We'll—"

"No, no; it's not that! It's only—I've been frightened!" "Frightened?"

"By a—dreadful beast!" "Beast!" repeated Blake, and his pale eyes flashed as he sprang across to where his bow and arrows and his club leaned against the baobab. "I'm have no beasts nosing around my dooryard! Must be that skulking lion I heard last night. I'll show him!" He caught up his weapons and stalked off down the cliff.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrop; "the man really must be mad. Call him back, Miss Genevieve. If anything should happen to him—"

"If only there might!" gasped the girl. "Why, what do you mean?"

She burst into a hysterical laugh. "Oh! oh! it's such a joke—such a joke! At least he's not a hyena—oh, no; a brave beast! Hear him shout! And he actually thinks it's a lion! But it isn't—it's himself! Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Miss Genevieve, what do you mean? Be calm, pray, be calm!"

"Calm!—when I heard what he said? Yes; I heard every word! In the top of the tree—"

"In the tree? Heavens! Miss—er—Miss Genevieve!" stammered Winthrop, his face paling. "Did you—did you hear all?"

"Everything—everything he said! What shall I do? I am so frightened! What shall I do?"

"Everything he said!" echoed Winthrop.

"You spoke too low for me to hear; but I'm sure you faced him like a gentleman—I must believe it of you—"

Winthrop drew in a deep breath. "Ah, yes; I did, Miss Genevieve—I assure you. The beast! Yet you see the plight I am in. It is a nasty muddle—indeed it is! But what can I do? He is strong as a gorilla. Really, there is only one way—no doubt you heard him taunt me over it. I assure you I should not be afraid—but it would be so horrid—so cold-blooded. As a gentleman, you know—"

"No; it is not that!" broke in the girl. "He is right. Neither of us has the courage—even when he is asleep." "My dear Miss Genevieve, this beast instinct to kill—"

"Yes; but think of him. If he is a beast, he is at least a brave one. While we—while we haven't the courage of rabbits. I thought you called yourself an English gentleman. Are you going to stand by, and not lift a finger?"

"Really, now, Miss Genevieve, to murder a man—"

"Self-defense is not a crime—self-preservation. If you have a spark of manhood—"

"My dear—"

"For Heaven's sake, if you can't do anything, at least keep still! Oh, I'm sure I shall go mad! If only I had been drowned!"

"Ah, yes, to be sure. But really now, what you ask is a good deal for a man to risk. The fellow might wake up and murder me! Should I take the risk, might I—er—expect some manifestation of your gratitude, Miss Genevieve?"

"Of course! of course! I should at ways—"

"I—ah—refer to the—the bestowal of your hand?"

"My hand? I— Would you bargain for my esteem? I thought you a gentleman!"

"To be sure—to be sure! Who says I am not? But all is fair in love and war, you know. Your choice is quite free. I take it, you will not consider his—er—proposals. But if you do not wish my aid, you have another way of escape—that is—at least other women have done it."

The girl gazed at him, her eyes dilating with horror as she realized his meaning.

"No, no; not that!" she gasped. "I want to live—I've a right to live! Why, I'm only just 22—I—"

"Hush!" cautioned Winthrop. "He's coming back. Be calm! There will be time until I get over this vile malaria. It may be that he himself will have the fever."

"He will not have the fever," replied the girl, in a hopeless tone, and she leaned back listlessly against the baobab, as Blake swung himself up, frowning and sullen, and flung his weapons from him.

"Bah!" he grumbled, "I told you that brute was a sneak. I've chased clean down to the pool and into the open, and not a smell of him. Must have hiked off into the tall grass the minute he heard me."

"If only he had gone off for good!" murmured Miss Leslie.

"Maybe he has; though you never

can count on a sneak. Even you might be able to shoot him off next time; but, like as not, he'd come along when we were all out calling, and clean out our commissary. Guess I'll set to and run up a barricade down there where the gully is narrowest. There're shoals of dead thorn-brush to the right of the pool."

"Ah, yes; I fancy the vultures will be so vexed when they find your hedge in the way," remarked Winthrop.

"My! how smart we're getting!" retorted Blake. "Don't worry, though. We'll stow the stuff in Miss Jenny's boudoir, and I guess the birds'll be polite enough to keep out."

"I must say, Blake, I do not see why you should wish to drag us away from here."

"There's lots of things you don't see, Win, my b'y—jokes, for instance. But what could you expect?—you're English. Now, don't get mad. What thing in the world for malaria?"

"One would fancy you could see that I am not angry. I've a splitting headache, and my back hurts. I am ill."

Blake looked him over critically, and nodded. "That's no lie, old man. You're entitled to a hospital check all right. Miss Jenny, we'll appoint you chief nurse. Make him comfortable as you can, and give him hot broth whenever he'll take it. You can do your sewing on the side. Whenever you need help, call on me. I'm going to be gin that barricade."

CHAPTER XIV.

Fever and Fire and Fear.

BY nightfall Winthrop was tossing and groaning on the bed of leaves which Miss Leslie had heaped beneath his canopy. Though not delirious, his high temperature, coupled with the pains which racked every nerve and bone in his body, rendered him light-headed. He would catch himself up in the midst of some rambling nonsense to inquire anxiously whether he had said anything silly or strange. On being reassured upon this, he would relax again, and, as likely as not, break into a babbling over his aches and pains.

Blake shook his head when he learned that the attack had not been preceded by a chill.

"Guess he's in for a hot time," he said. "There is more'n one kind of malarial fever. Some are a whole lot like typhus."

"Typhus? What is that?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sort of rapid fire, double action typhoid. Not that I think Win's got it—only malaria. What gets me is that we've only been here these few days, and yet it looks like he's got the continuous, no-chill kind."

"Then you think he will be very ill?"

"Well, I guess he'll think so. It ought to run out in a week or ten days, though. We've had good water, and it usually takes time for malaria to soak in deep. Now, don't worry, Miss Jenny. It'll do him no good, and you a lot of harm. Take things easy as you can, for you've got to keep up your strength. If you don't, you'll be down yourself before Win is up."

"I'll while he is helpless and unable—Oh, no; that cannot be! I must not give way to the fever until—"

"Don't worry. You'll likely stave it off for a couple of weeks or so. You're lively yet, and that's a good sign. I knew Win was in for it when he began to groan and loaf and do the baby act. I haven't much use for dudes in general, and English dudes in particular; but I'll admit that, while Win's soft enough in spots, he's not all mush and milk."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake."

"You're welcome. I couldn't say less, seeing that Win can't speak for himself. Now you tumble in and get a good sleep. I'll go on as night nurse, and work at the barricade same time. You're not going to do any night-nursing. I can gather the thorn-brush in the afternoons, and pile it up at night."

In the morning Miss Leslie found that Blake had built a substantial canopy over the invalid, in place of the first ramshackle structure.

"It's best for him to be out in the air," he explained; "so I fixed this up to keep off the dew. But whenever it rains, we'll have to tote him inside."

"Ah, yes; to be sure. How is he?" murmured the girl.

"He's about the same this morning. But he got a little sleep. Keep him dosed with all the hot broth he'll take. And say, roast me out at noon. I've had my breakfast. Now I'll have a snooze. So long!"

He nodded, and crawled under the shade of the nearest bush, too drowsy to observe her look of dismay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

German Proverb.

Good counsel is better than a thousand hands.

Introspection Not for All.

Solitude can be delightful only to the innocent.—Lewczynski.

Eating for Strength.

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Because of this fact there is a constant increase in the consumption of Quaker Scotch Oats; every time the strength-making qualities of Quaker Scotch Oats have been tested by scientific investigation or by experiments in families it has been found to be a food without an equal.

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Misery.

The neighbor's dog sits out on the front lawn and howls dismally. The man in the window looks out and yells: "Sh-h-h, you beast!" The dog continues to howl. The man again comes to the window and this time hurls a shoe at the dog. Still the animal howls. Another shoe follows. The next day the man's wife goes around in her stocking feet because she can't find her shoes. The man hasn't the price of another pair of shoes for her, and the next night the dog howls louder than ever.

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Gunner—That chap who is going to drive the team of polar bears to the North pole says he is going by the inside route.

Guy—Yes, and I guess he'll return by the inside route, too."

Gunner—"What inside route?"

Guy—"Why, inside the polar bears."

A man can afford to toot his own horn if it is the horn of plenty.

WESTERN STOCK SHOW AT DENVER.

January 8 to 15, 1910.

During the week of the Stock Show the 13th Annual Convention of the American National Live Stock Association will be held, January 11 to 13; also the initial annual meeting of the Beef Producers' Association of America.

Two Colorado & Southern will make a rate of one fare for the round trip from all points in Colorado. Tickets will be on sale January 9 to 14 inclusive. Final limit, January 17, 1910.

Who Stole the Hams?

The late Judge Silas Bryan, the father of William J. Bryan, once had several hams stolen from his smoke-house. He missed them at once, but said nothing about it to anyone. A few days later a neighbor came to him.

"Say, judge," he said, "I heard yew had some hams stole 'tother night."

"Yes," said the judge, very confidentially, "but don't tell anyone. You and I are the only ones who know it."—Success.

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